

A SEA-SHORE ECHO.

ALONE—and on the smooth, hard, sandy shore of the boundless sea. A lovelier morning never dawned upon the world of nature.— Oh, how balmy, how clear, how soul-subduing, how invigorating is the air. Calmness sits throned upon the unmoving clouds, whose colours are like the sky, only of a deeper hue. The green waves with their undulating swell, come rolling in upon the sand, making a plaintive music sweeter than the blended harmonies of a thousand instruments. Would that I might leap in, and wrestle with them, and, when overcome with fatigue, lay my heated brow upon those cool and watery billows, rocked to and fro as in a cradle, while my lullaby would be the moaning of the sea. The mists of morning are all dispelled, and the glorious sunshine, emblem of God's love, is bathing with effulgent light the ocean before me, and behind me, the mountains and valleys of my own loved country. Look—how the white-caps chase each other along the watery plain, like milk-white steeds, striving in their freedom to outstrip the breeze. Whence comes this breeze, and whither is it going? Three days ago, at set of sun, it spread its wings near to a spring in the sandy desert of Africa, where a caravan of camels and horses and men had halted for the night. Its course is onward, and, at the dawning of to-morrow, it will be sporting with the forest-trees of the western wilderness. Far as the eye can reach, "the sea is sprinkled o'er with ships," their white sails gleaming in the sunlight. One of them has just returned from India, another from the Pacific and another from the Arctic sea. Years have rolled by since they departed hence. They have been exposed to a thousand dangers, but the great God who holds the ocean in the hollow of his hand, has conducted them in safety to their desired homes. How many silent prayers of thanksgiving will ascend to heaven, and what a thrilling and joyous shout will echo to the shore, as those mariners drop the anchor in their native waters!

Yonder too, are some with their sails just spread, bound to the remotest corners of the earth! They seem to rejoice in their beauty and speed, and proud is their bearing—but will they ever return? Alas! the shadowy future alone can answer. Yonder—on that fisherman's stake a little sparrow has just alighted, facing the main! It has been lured away from the green bowers of home, by the music of the sea, and is now gazing, perhaps with feelings

kindred to my own upon the most magnificent structure of the Almighty hand. But see spreads its wings again, and is dashing toward the water, fearless and free. Ah! it has got too near, for the spray moistens its wings! There—there it goes, frightened back to native woodland! That little bird, so far its importance and power are concerned, seem to me a fit emblem of the mind of man; and this mighty, ever heaving, and boundless ocean an appropriate symbol of the mind of God.

Mr. SHIVES,

SIR,—My solution to question third, in *Amaranth* for November, was founded on the simple notion, that heat emanates from the surface of the sun. Your correspondent supposes heat to proceed only from the sun's centre: this, I think, will account for the difference of the results.

M. N. W.



ERRATA.—In the 10th line of the poetry titled "*Waterloo*," on the 10th page of the January number, read "merry," instead of mercy.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several original articles which were laying in our office at the time of the fire of the 15th November, and which were either destroyed or mislaid, will be inserted if the authors will furnish us with copies of the same.

"W's" poetical effusion requires several amendments before it can be inserted.

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